

HARLEY QUINN x ELVIRA

04 DYNAMITE[®]
RATED TEEN+



PALMIOTTI
CONNER
SAMU



HARLEY QUINN x ELVIRA

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RATED TEEN+

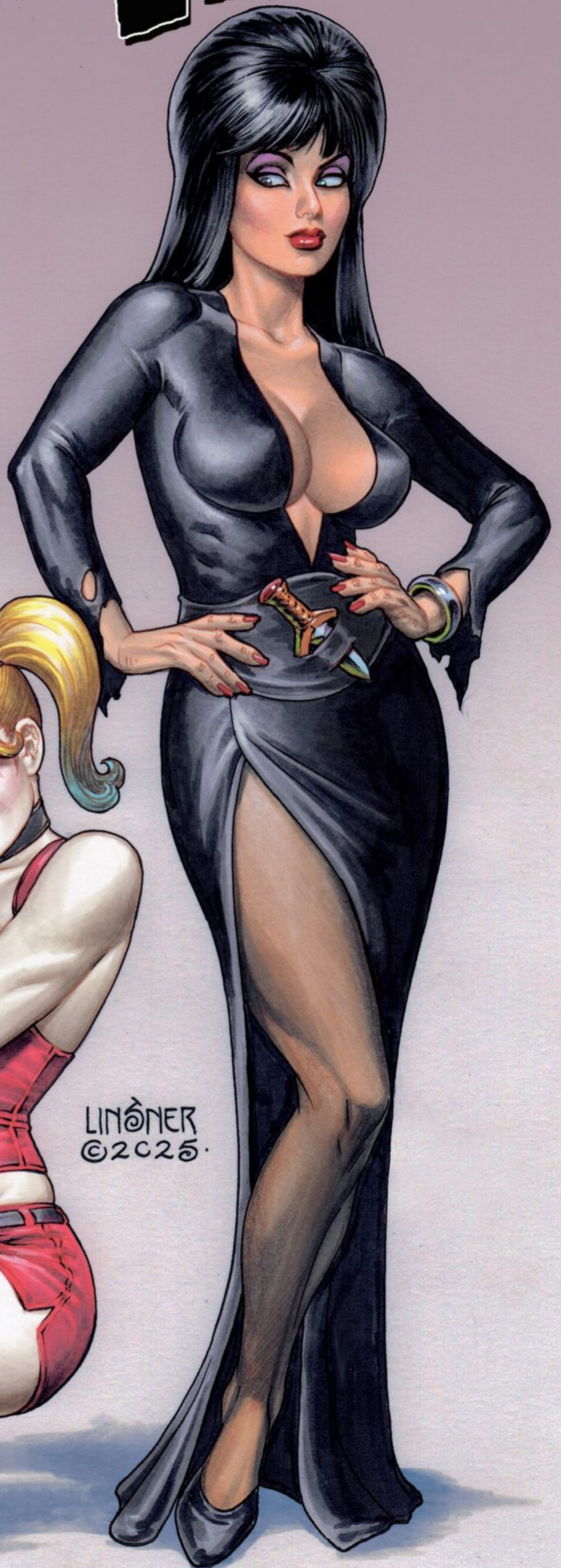


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PALMIOTTI
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**HARLEY
Quinn**

ELVIRA



04 DYNAMITE
RATED TEEN+



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10/25

**PALMIOTTI
CONNER
SAMU**



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ELVIRA SPECIAL THANKS
SCOTT MARCUS & CASSANDRA PETERSON

SPECIAL THANKS AT DC TO MARIE JAVINS & CHRIS CONROY

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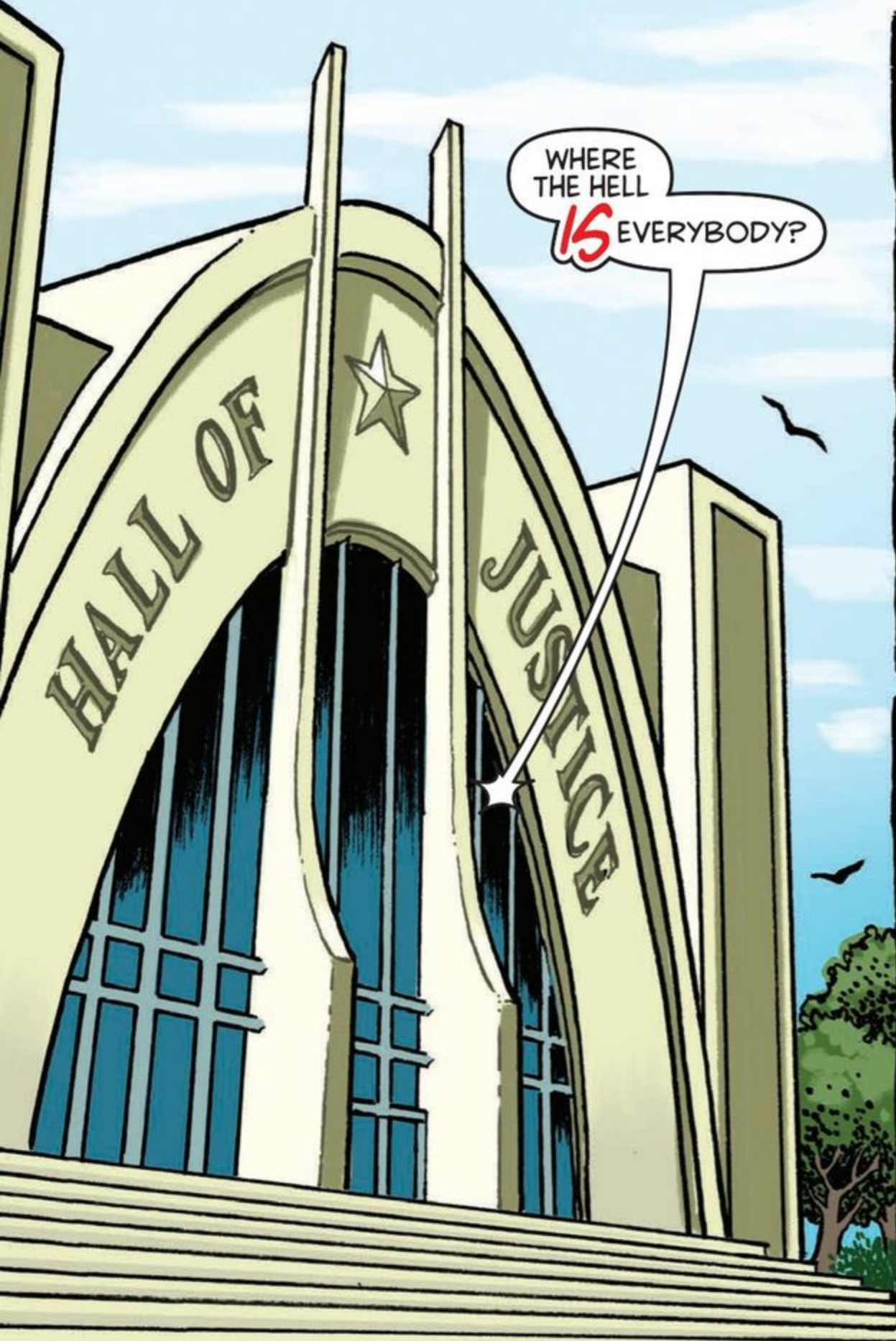


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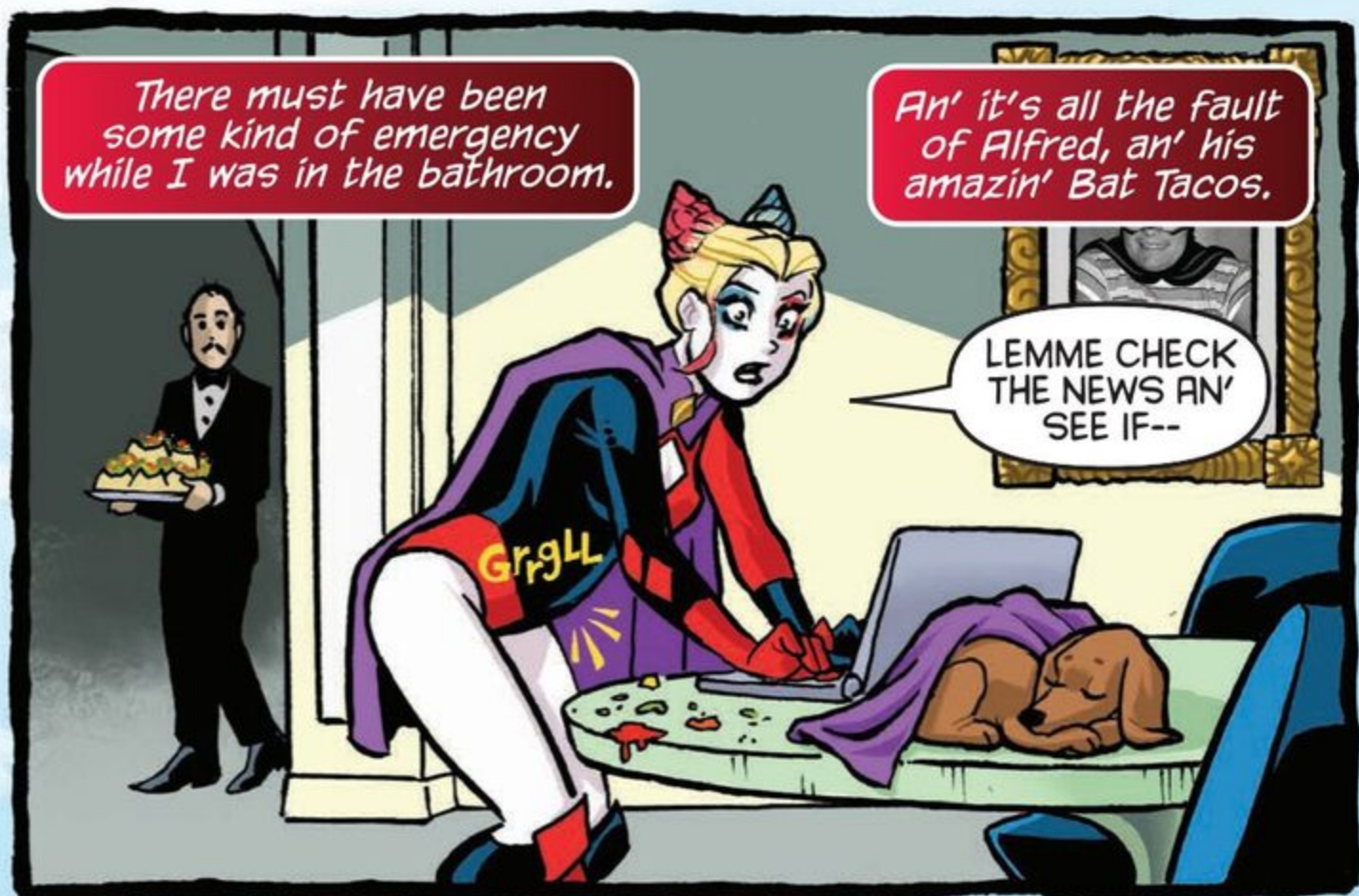
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WHERE THE HELL **IS** EVERYBODY?



There must have been some kind of emergency while I was in the bathroom.

An' it's all the fault of Alfred, an' his amazin' Bat Tacos.

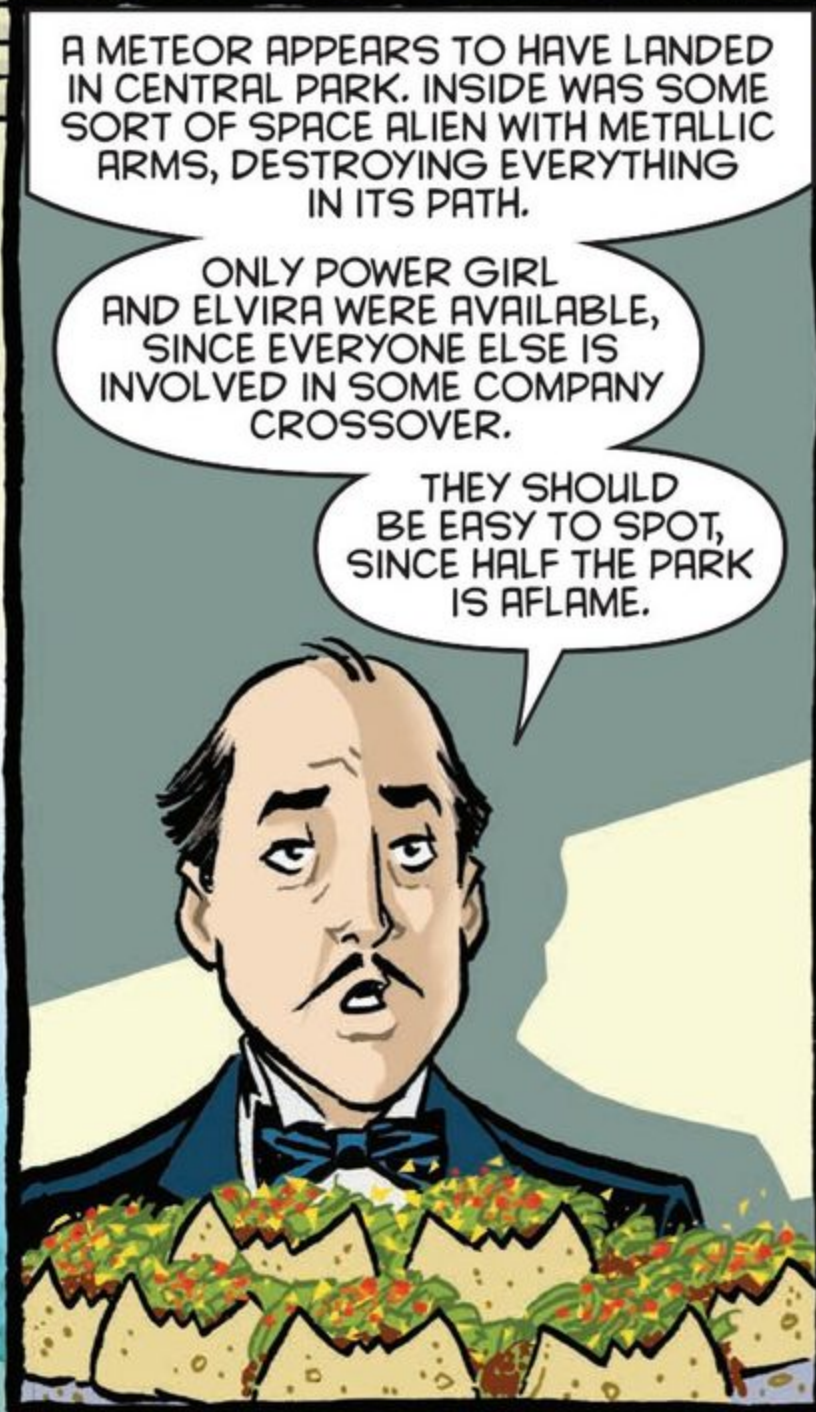
LEMME CHECK THE NEWS AN' SEE IF--



MORE BAT TACOS, MS. QUINN?

I THINK THE THIRTY-EIGHT YOU'VE HAD ALREADY IS APPROACHING A NEW RECORD.

NO TIME. WHERE IS EVERYONE?



A METEOR APPEARS TO HAVE LANDED IN CENTRAL PARK. INSIDE WAS SOME SORT OF SPACE ALIEN WITH METALLIC ARMS, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.

ONLY POWER GIRL AND ELVIRA WERE AVAILABLE, SINCE EVERYONE ELSE IS INVOLVED IN SOME COMPANY CROSSOVER.

THEY SHOULD BE EASY TO SPOT, SINCE HALF THE PARK IS AFLAME.



HOLEE ASTRONOMICAL ARSONER!

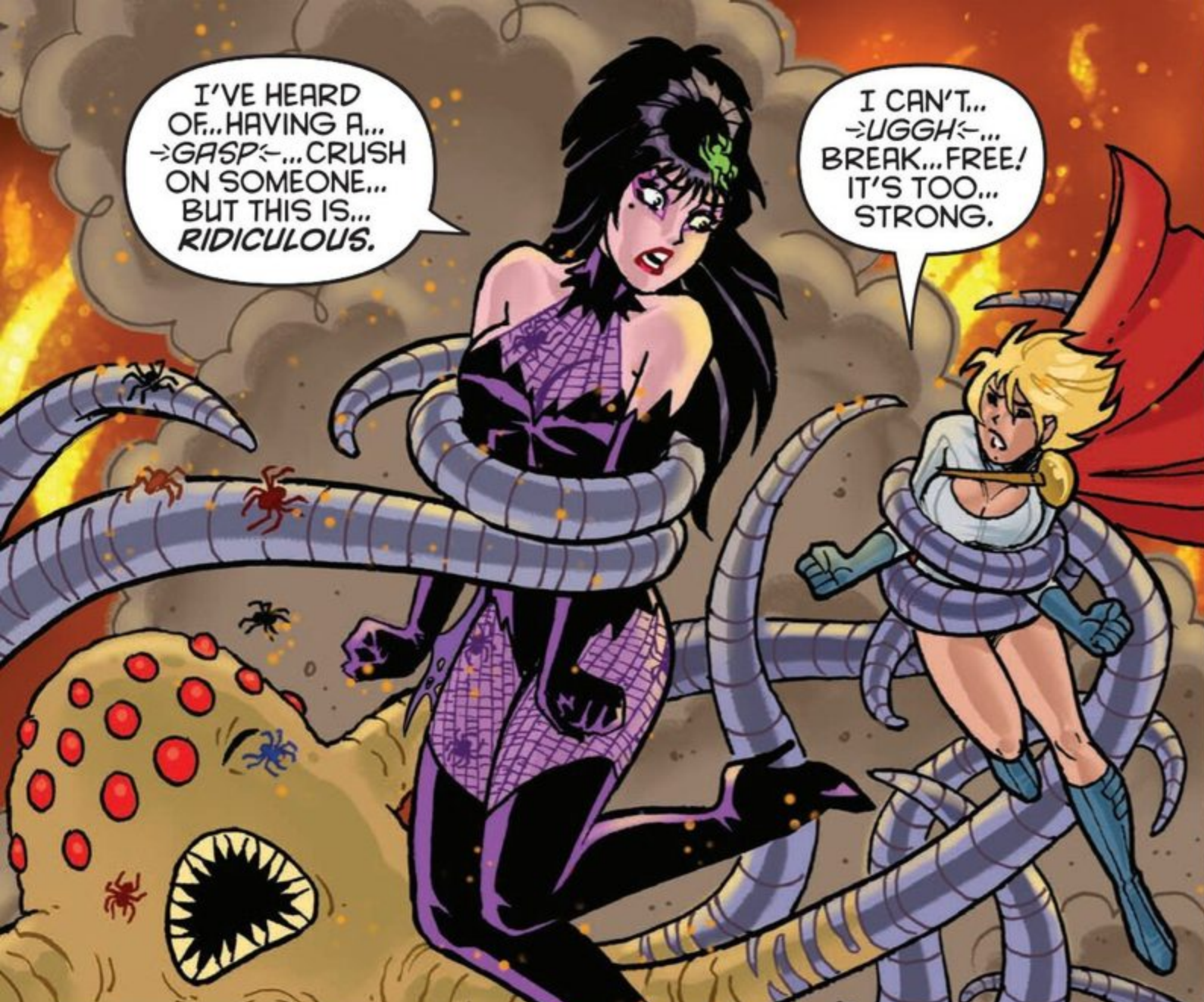
FOLLOW ME, NATHAN!



Good thing I time-traveled an' stole this Legion a' Superheroes ring, even though it ain't my color!



OVER THERE, NATHAN. THAT'S GOTTA BE THEM!



I'VE HEARD OF...HAVING A...
->GASP<-... CRUSH ON SOMEONE... BUT THIS IS...
RIDICULOUS.

I CAN'T...
->UGGH<-... BREAK...FREE!
IT'S TOO... STRONG.



THESE TERRIFYING TENTACLES LOOK LIKE THEY MIGHT BE THE END OF US, POWER GIRL!

I NEVER THOUGHT MY DROP-DEAD-SEXY SELF WOULD END THIS WAY!

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEONE TO SAVE US!



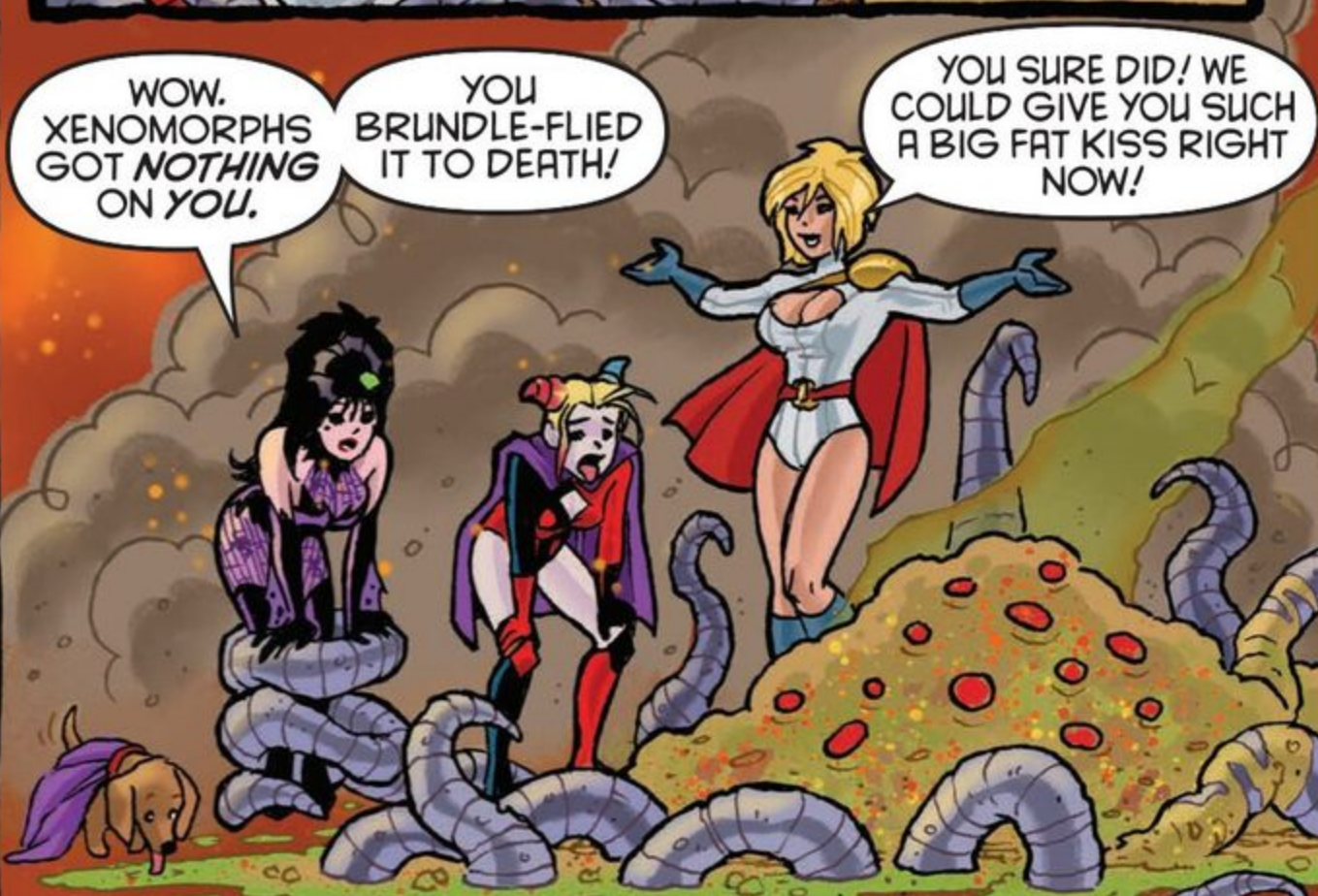
HAVE NO FEAR, FOXY FEMMES, I GOT--



OOWWWFF!
UH-OH.



BLERRRRGGGH!



WOW. XENOMORPHS GOT NOTHING ON YOU.

YOU BRUNDLE-FLIED IT TO DEATH!

YOU SURE DID! WE COULD GIVE YOU SUCH A BIG FAT KISS RIGHT NOW!



LAY IT ON ME, LADIES.



...LAY IT
ON ME...

SO, HERE'S THE DEAL, FOR ALL YOU SLACKERS WHO MISSED THE FIRST FEW ISSUES, A QUICK RUNDOWN OF THE MAIN EVENTS. HARLEY QUINN GOT HIT WITH A NASTY BUG AND MISSED HALLOWEEN, BUT INSTEAD OF SULKING, SHE DID WHAT ANY GLITTER-LOVING CHAOS QUEEN WOULD DO; SHE PLANNED A MAKE-UP HALLOWEEN BASH IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWEATY CONEY ISLAND SUMMER.

TO MAKE SURE THE PARTY SLAYED (LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY), HARLEY RECRUITED NONE OTHER THAN THE MISTRESS OF THE DARK HERSELF-- ELVIRA--TO HOST IT.

BUT, THERE'S A PLOT TWIST: ELVIRA'S TV NETWORK WAS SOLD OFF TO SOME CORPORATE LEECHES, LEAVING HER JOBLESS, HOMELESS, AND IN NEED OF A MIRACLE... OR A HARLEY QUINN.

HARLEY OFFERED ELVIRA A SWEET DEAL AND A PLACE TO CRASH, BUT IT TURNS OUT HARLEY'S BANK ACCOUNT WAS MORE "EMPTY CRYPT" THAN "BATCAVE VAULT," SO SHE PICKED UP A SKETCHY SIDE GIG TO PAY ELVIRA, AND AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED, IT WENT SPECTACULARLY WRONG. LIKE, "WE NEED TO FLEE THE COUNTRY BEFORE SUNRISE" WRONG.

CUE POWER GIRL, WHO SWOOPS IN LIKE A BIG, BLONDE UBERXXL, AND FLIES OUR SPOOKY DUO STRAIGHT TO THE CASTLE OF ELVIRA'S MYSTERIOUS FRIEND, IN SPINE-TINGLING TRANSYLVANIA. BECAUSE OBVIOUSLY.

UPON ARRIVAL, OUR TROUBLE-MAKING TWOSOME FEAST AND THEN CRASH HARD... AND NOW HERE WE ARE, BOTH OF THEM GORGED LIKE A GAVAGED GOOSE, SLEEPY LIKE SNOW WHITE SOZZLED ON GRANNY SMITHS, AND HIDING OUT IN THE COUNT'S CREEPY CASTLE.

HASSLE IN THE CASTLE



AH-HEM.

BREAKFAST
IS SERVED.



EWWWW. WHY
AM I ALL WET? WAS
I JUST MAKIN' OUT
WITH THE DOG?

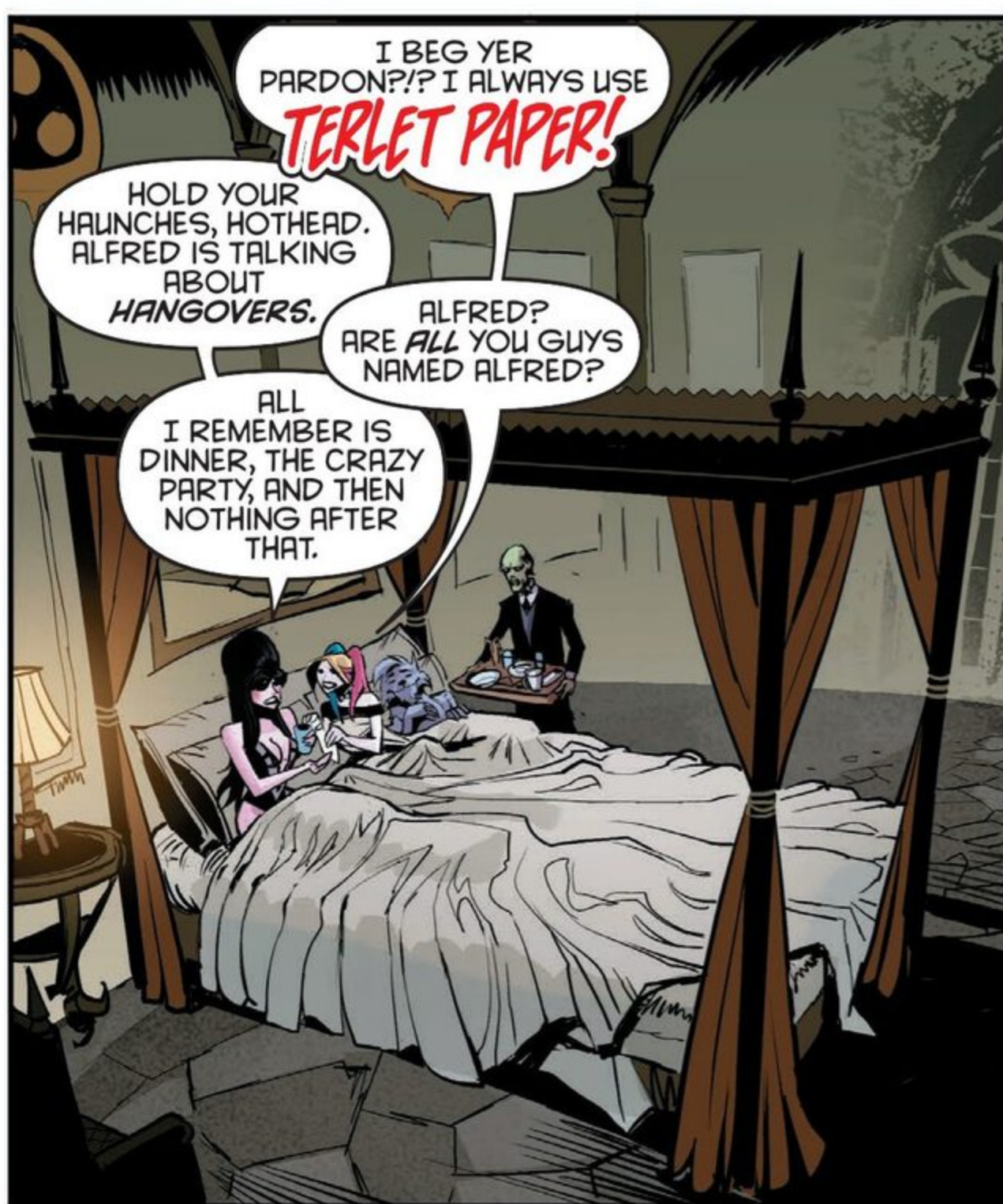
OW. WHAT THE
HELL HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT?

MY HEAD
IS SPINNING LIKE
DOROTHY'S TOGS IN
A TORNADO. WHAT
TIME IS IT?



SEVEN
PM.

ON THE TRAY
YOU WILL FIND SOME
ASPIRIN, WHICH WILL
HELP WITH THE
CRAPULENCE.

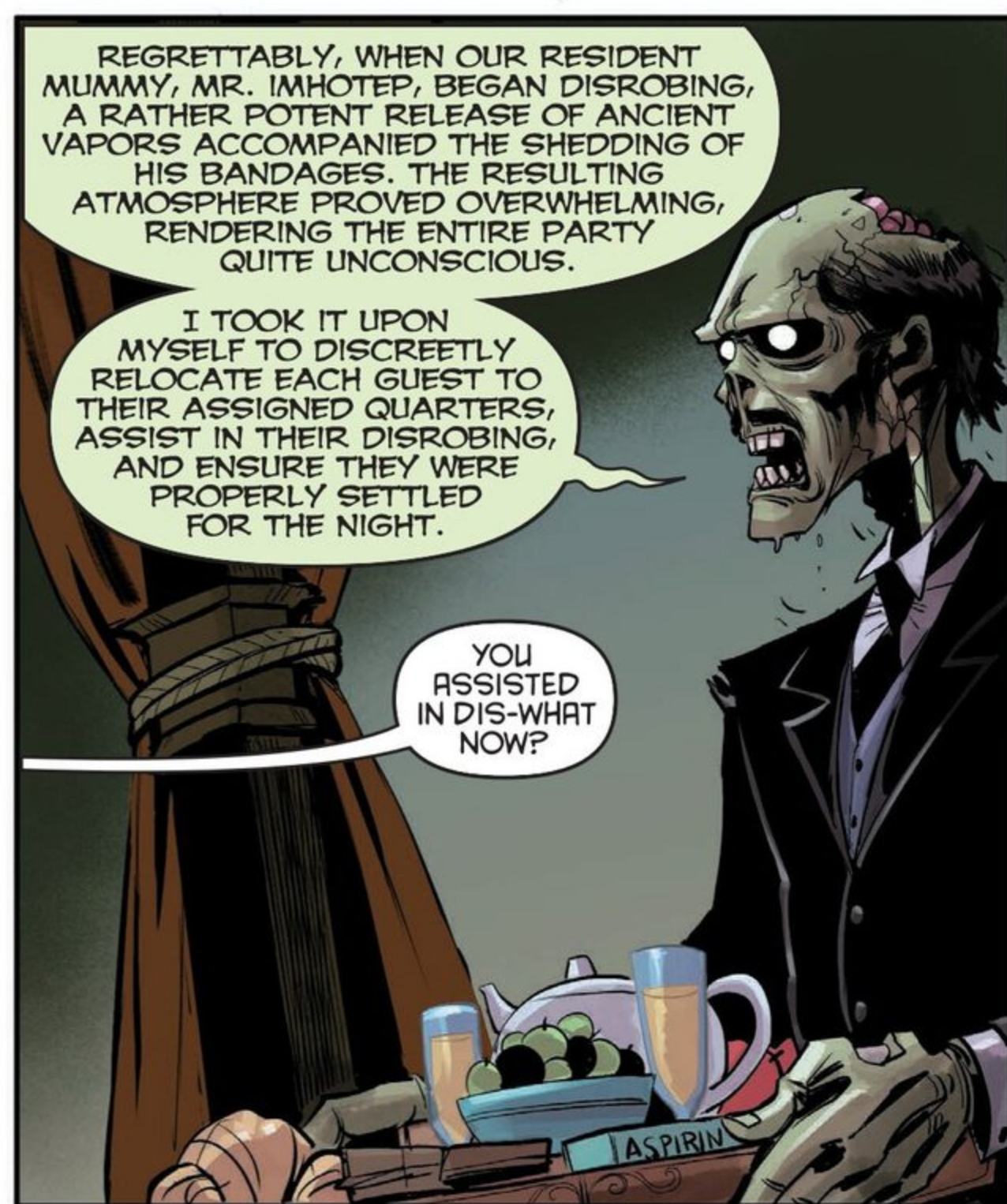


I BEG YER
PARDON??? I ALWAYS USE
TERLET PAPER!

HOLD YOUR
HAUNCHES, HOTHEAD.
ALFRED IS TALKING
ABOUT
HANGOVERS.

ALFRED?
ARE *ALL* YOU GUYS
NAMED ALFRED?

ALL
I REMEMBER IS
DINNER, THE CRAZY
PARTY, AND THEN
NOTHING AFTER
THAT.



REGRETTABLY, WHEN OUR RESIDENT
MUMMY, MR. IMHOTEP, BEGAN DISROBING,
A RATHER POTENT RELEASE OF ANCIENT
VAPORS ACCOMPANIED THE SHEDDING OF
HIS BANDAGES. THE RESULTING
ATMOSPHERE PROVED OVERWHELMING,
RENDERING THE ENTIRE PARTY
QUITE UNCONSCIOUS.

I TOOK IT UPON
MYSELF TO DISCREETLY
RELOCATE EACH GUEST TO
THEIR ASSIGNED QUARTERS,
ASSIST IN THEIR DISROBING,
AND ENSURE THEY WERE
PROPERLY SETTLED
FOR THE NIGHT.

YOU
ASSISTED
IN DIS-WHAT
NOW?



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MISTRESS ELVIRA. THE PART OF ME THAT MIGHT HAVE FOUND DIS-ROBING YOU *TITILLATING* DROPPED OFF YEARS AGO.

PLEASE ENJOY YOUR MEAL AT YOUR LEISURE. WHEN YOU ARE REFRESHED AND FEELING YOURSELF AGAIN, THE OTHER GUESTS WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU JOIN THEM IN THE GARDEN.



YEEOWFF!

TAD! OFF THE BED. YOU *KNOW* THE RULES.

SMACK!



WHOA, HEY... ELVIRA!

LONG TIME NO SEE.

YOU KNOW HIM?

FROM MANY, MANY YEARS AND MANY, MANY PUBLISHERS AGO.



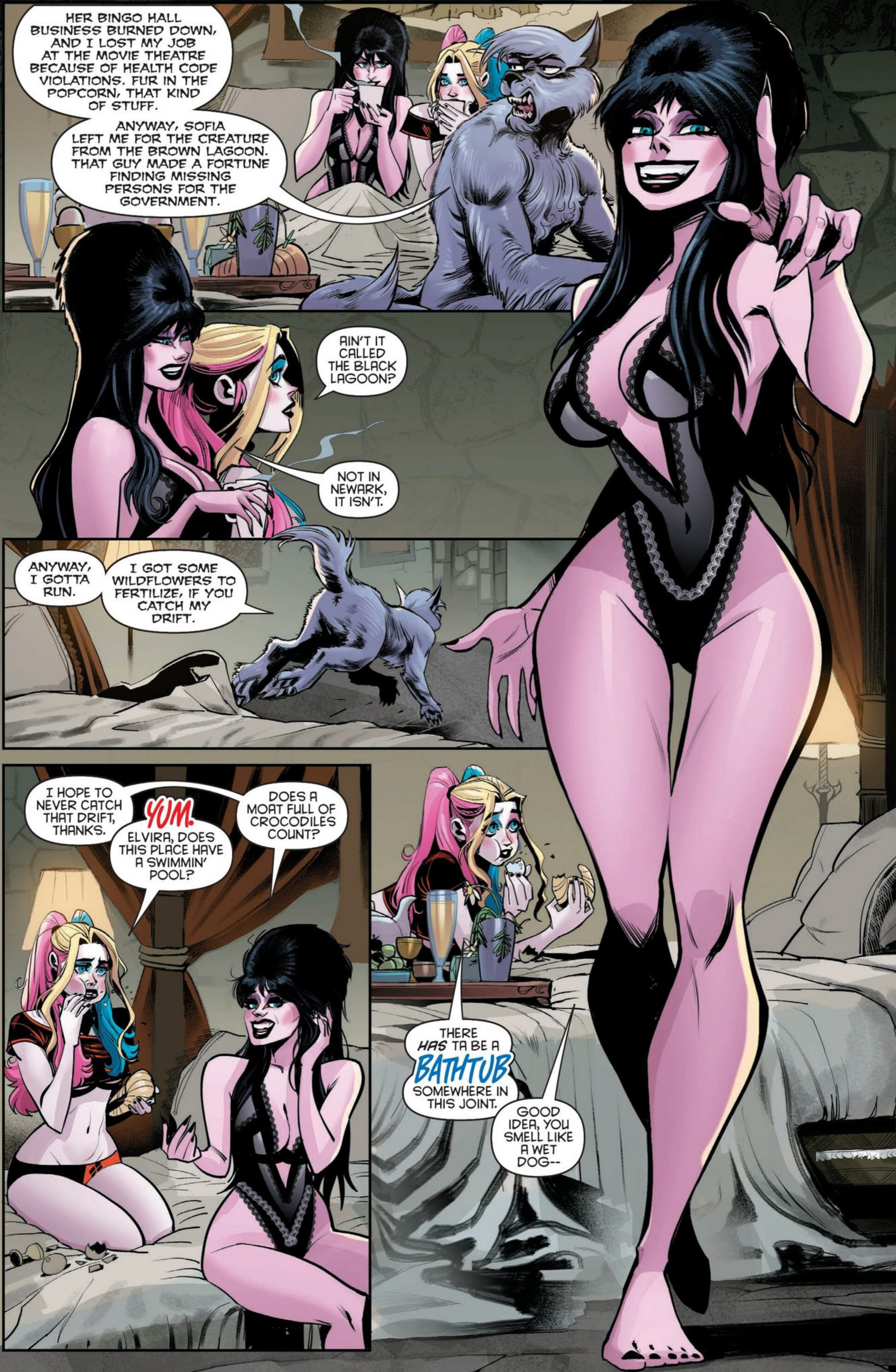
AND YOU... HARLEY QUINN! DO YOU KISS YOUR MOTHER WITH THAT MOUTH?

MY BACK ISN'T A SADDLE, YOU KNOW.

I KISS *EVERYONE'S* MOTHER WITH

THAT MOUTH!

TAD, WHERE IS SOFIA?



HER BINGO HALL BUSINESS BURNED DOWN, AND I LOST MY JOB AT THE MOVIE THEATRE BECAUSE OF HEALTH CODE VIOLATIONS. FUR IN THE POPCORN, THAT KIND OF STUFF.

ANYWAY, SOFIA LEFT ME FOR THE CREATURE FROM THE BROWN LAGOON. THAT GUY MADE A FORTUNE FINDING MISSING PERSONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

AIN'T IT CALLED THE BLACK LAGOON?

NOT IN NEWARK, IT ISN'T.

ANYWAY, I GOTTA RUN.

I GOT SOME WILDFLOWERS TO FERTILIZE, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.

I HOPE TO NEVER CATCH THAT DRIFT, THANKS.

YUM.

ELVIRA, DOES THIS PLACE HAVE A SWIMMIN' POOL?

DOES A MOAT FULL OF CROCODILES COUNT?

THERE HAS TA BE A **BATHTUB** SOMEWHERE IN THIS JOINT.

GOOD IDEA, YOU SMELL LIKE A WET DOG--

PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.



ARTIE, MY FRIEND, DID YOU GET THE INFORMATION THAT I WAS VERY MUCH NEEDING?

YOU BET, SID. I SET UP SURVEILLANCE NEAR THAT CLOWNY BROAD'S PLACE IN CONEY.

I FOUND OUT EXACTLY WHERE THEY'RE HEADIN'.

THANK YOU, AND WHERE WOULD THIS BE?



THE ELVIRA CHICK SAID THEY WAS GONNA VISIT SOME COUNT GUY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S MORE COUNTS IN TRANSYLVANIA THAN REGULAR FOLKS, SO IT TOOK A LOT MORE EFFORT TO SNIFF OUT.



WELL, LET'S HAVE IT.

HOLD IT THERE, SID.

BEFORE I UPLOAD YER INFO, THERE'S THE MATTER A' MY COMPENSATION.



THERE YOU GO. START UPLOADING TO MAC*. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

*MAC--MOBILE ADVOCACY COMPUTER



WHOA! SENDIN' IT NOW.

NO, YOU ASK HIM.



LOCATION... LOCATION... JEEZ!

THAT'S QUITE FAR AWAY. 4,067 NAUTICAL MILES, TO BE EXACT.

I'M GONNA NEED TO FUEL UP.

YES?

EXCUSE ME, SIR?

IS IT OKAY IF WE TAKE A PHOTO WITH YOU? WE'VE NEVER SEEN A GIGANTIC ROBOT GUY IN THE PARK.



COMPUTER, WHAT CONSTITUTES FUEL FOR THIS MACHINERY?

UNLEADED GAS?

LIGHTER FLUID?

KOSHER BEANS?

WHAT'S THAT? REPEAT?

HEH. NO KIDDING.



OKAY, LET'S DO THIS!

SAY CHEESE!



CHEEE YYYYYAAAAHHH!



...*



BUURRP!
TRANSYLVANIA, HERE I COME!

BOY, THEY
SURE TOOK THINGS
TA THE NEXT LEVEL IN THE
MIDDLE AGES.

PRETTY SURE
THIS WAS USED TO BOIL
THE SKIN OFF CORPSES.
OR, AS MY OLD PAL VLAD
WOULD CALL IT--
"MAKIN' SOUP."

I KNOW MORE
THAN A FEW PEOPLE
WHO WOULD BUY THE
WATER IN THIS TUB
BY THE GALLON.

SCREAMIN'
SWEENEY, THAT'S
GROSS... BUT YOU'RE
ACTUALLY NOT
WRONG.

WHOA!
WHAT IS THIS,
A **TARANTINO**
FLICK?

WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE PUTTING
THAT **FOOT** OF
YOURS!

HEY, WHY
DON'T **YOU** WATCH
WHERE YOU PUT
YER...

...AW HELL,
Y'CAN PUT YER
FOOT WHEREVER
YA LIKE.

HUH? I'M
NOT--

HEY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
NOW?

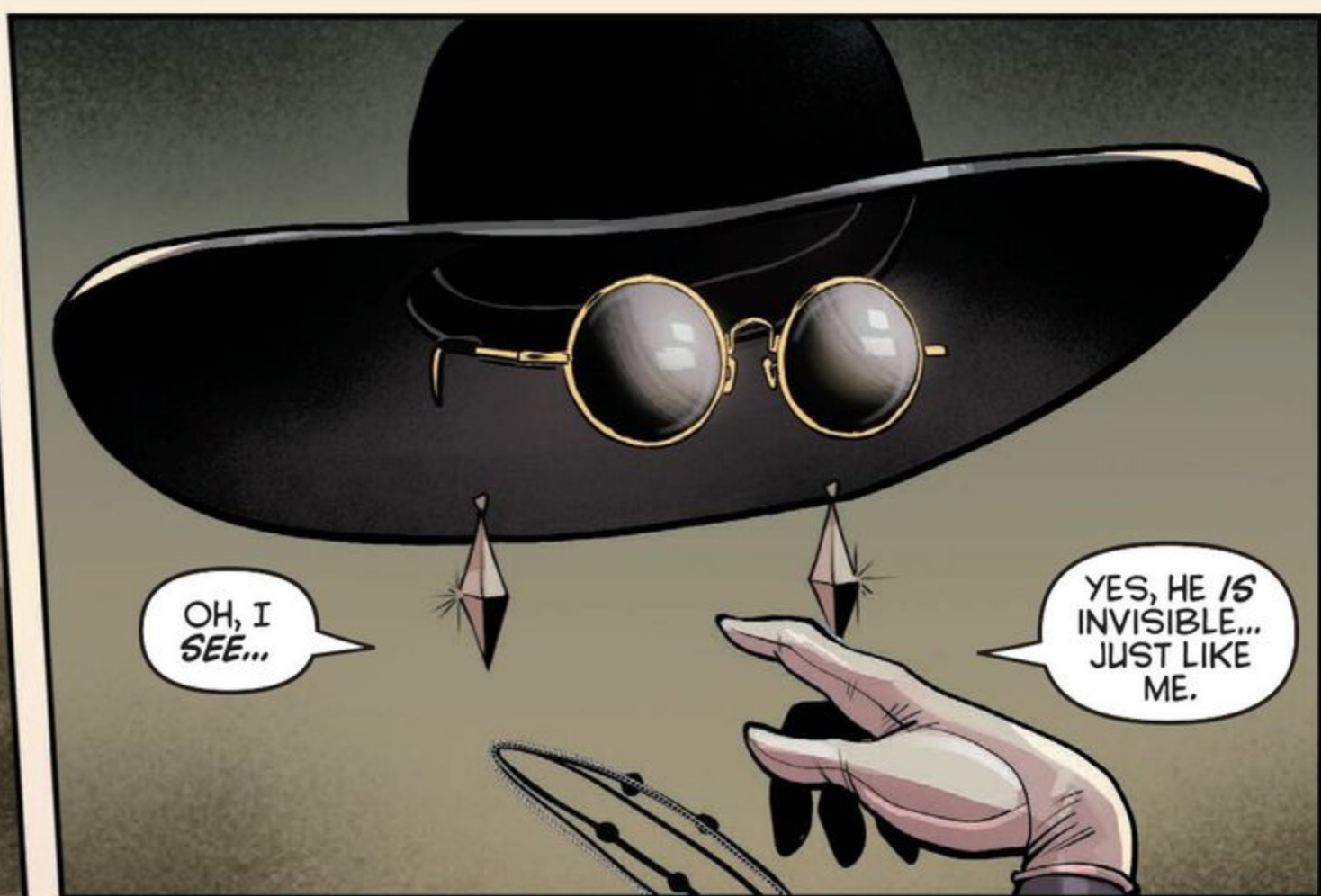
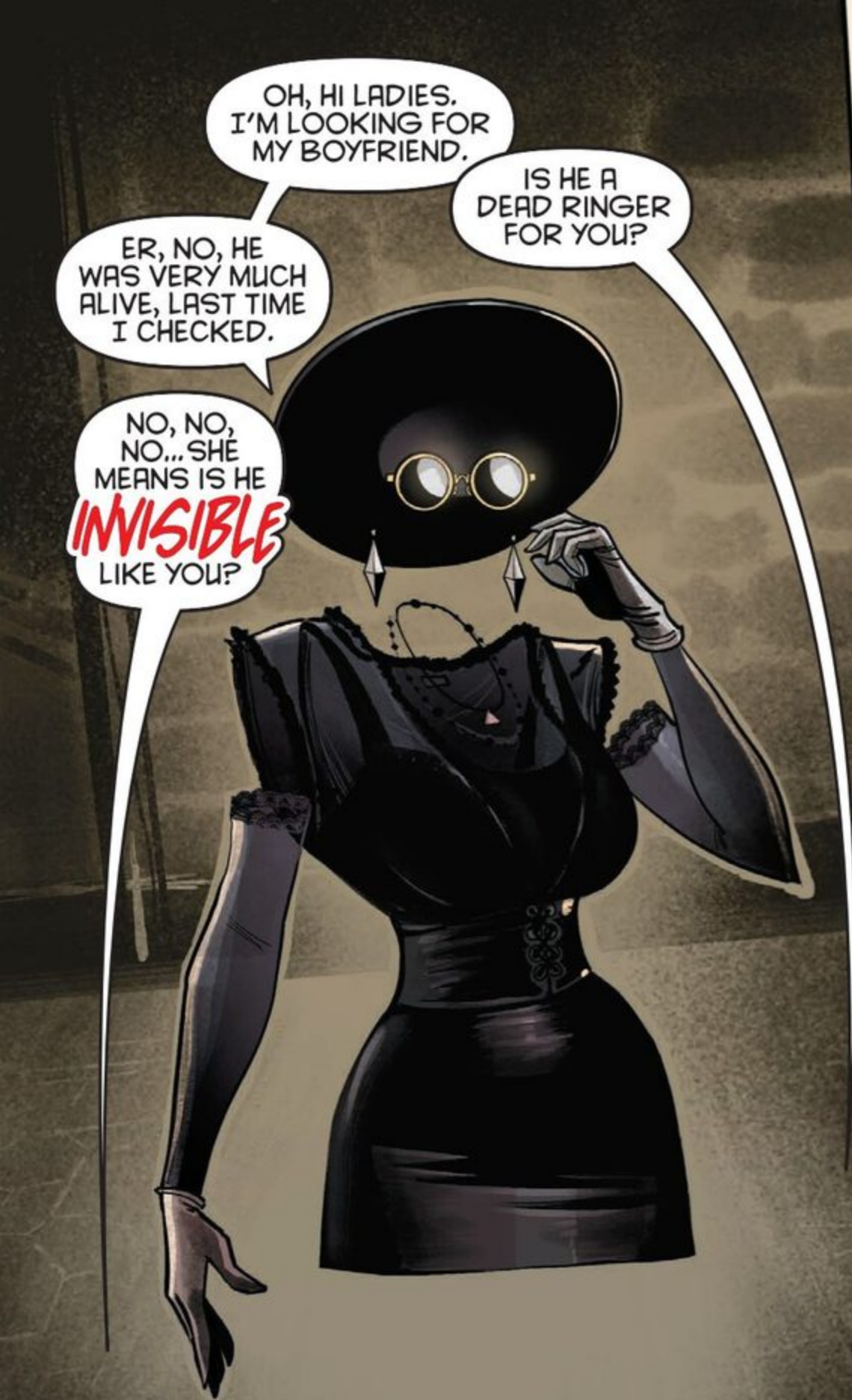
SAME
THING YER
DOIN' TA

ME... ...I
THINK.

JACK!
ARE YOU IN
THERE?

UMM... NO...
WHOEVER
YOU ARE.

NO ONE
HERE BUT US
TWO BATHIN'
BEAUTIES.





YUM. YOU CAN REALLY TASTE THE FINGERS IN THE LADYFINGERS.

Y'KNOW WHAT I CAN TASTE IN THE ASPIC?



Y'KNOW, I DO REMEMBER SOME THINGS ABOUT THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE. THE COUNT IS MORE OF A DOG THAN MY LITTLE WEREWOLF PAL.

OOOH!
TELL ME MORE.

WELL, FOR ONE THING, OR, I GUESS, THREE THINGS...HE HAS THREE BRIDES.

I GUESS THE
COUNT HAS IT WHERE
IT **"COUNTS!"**

ACTUALLY, THEY
WERE JUST HIS INSATIABLE
LOVE SLAVES--TRULY "DOWN
FOR THE COUNT"--UNTIL HE
WAS FORCED TO
MARRY THEM.

TRANSYLVANIA LAW,
OR SOMETHING.

HELLO,
LADIES.

ELVIRA,
MY DEAR. YOU ARE
LOOKING **HEALTHIER**
THAN **EVER!**

YEAH, I
CAME HERE
SO I CAN
STAY THAT
WAY.

AS LONG
AS YOU WISH,
MY LOVELY.

I HOPE YOU
BOTH HAD A SPLENDID
TIME LAST NIGHT, AND
HAVE RESTED UP FOR
THIS EVENING'S
FESTIVITIES.

MY
APOLOGIES FOR
THE TOXIC VAPOR
FROM THE
MUMMY.

I CAN'T TELL
YOU HOW MANY TIMES
I WARNED HIM ABOUT
UNWRAPPING IN
FRONT OF
GUESTS.

ANYWAY,
FOLLOW ME, YOU
BOTH MUST BE
FAMISHED.

WE
JUST HAD
A BITE--

I'M
STARVIN'!
WHAT'S ON
TONIGHT'S
MENU, MISTAH
COUNT?

AH,
HARLEY. I LOVE
A WOMAN WITH
AN **APPETITE.**

OH, NO YOU
DON'T. YOU **ALREADY**
HAVE THREE WIVES, OR
CAN'T YOU COUNT,
COUNT?

AH, MY
LOVELY BRIDES,
WONDERFUL TO SEE
YOU BACK FROM
YOUR TRIP TO
VENICE.

YOU
REMEMBER MY
GOOD FRIEND
ELVIRA?

AND THIS IS
HER FRIEND FROM
NEW YORK, HARLEY
QUINN.

THEY RAN
INTO SOME TROUBLE
AND WILL BE JOINING
US HERE, UNTIL THINGS
SETTLE DOWN IN THEIR
HOME COUNTRY.







LISTEN, WE'RE GETTING THE EVIL EYE FROM YOUR LIVID LADIES, AND IT'S GOT US WORRIED.

THAT'S ON ME, HONESTLY. I HAVEN'T BEEN THE MOST FAITHFUL OF HUSBANDS. WHAT CAN I SAY, TURNING INTO A BAT MAKES IT EASY TO GET AROUND.

SADLY, BUT UNDERSTANDABLY, THEY DON'T TRUST ME ANYMORE.



NORMALLY I WOULD SAY DON'T WORRY, BUT THEY SACRIFICED A GOAT AND DRANK ITS BLOOD WHILE CHANTING BOTH YOUR NAMES IN THE BASEMENT ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO.

IT'S A TRADITIONAL RITUAL AROUND THESE PARTS THAT'S DONE BEFORE THEY MURDER SOMEONE.



MURDER SOMEONE?? LIKE LI'L OL' US? AND YOU WERE GOING TO TELL US THIS WHEN?

I'M GUESSIN' THIS MEANS NO MORE SAMMICHES, CORRECT?



THE PROBLEM IS, *YOU'RE* HERE TALKING TO *ME*, WHICH MIGHT...EXPEDITE THEIR PLANS A TAD.

I PREFER MYSELF *UN-MURDERED*, AND ON *THIS* SIDE OF THE DIRT.

REMEMBER WHEN WE SPOKE LAST NIGHT ABOUT MY HALLOWEEN BASH, AN' YOU PROMISED TO BRING A BOATLOAD A' FRIENDS TA THE EVENT?

YES, I *DID* PROMISE. I AM A MAN OF MY WORD.



DON'T INCLUDE THEM.

COME ON, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE I TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

WOW, DID HARLEY QUINN JUST HAVE A MATURE REACTION?

HUH. MAYBE I *AM* DEAD, AND I'M JUST HAUNTING MYSELF.



GOING
SOMEWHERE,
TARFE?



I DUNNO
WHAT THE HELL Y' JUST
CALLED US, BUT IT DIDN'T
SOUND GOOD!

WELL, THERE
GOES THAT WHOLE
MATURE THING.

TIME TA
SHOW THESE
BITCHES SOME
FISTY CUFFS!



WHOA THERE,
CHALKY BALBOA...DON'T
MAKE THEM ANGRIER.

SAY, THESE
GUYS DON'T HAVE
ANY KINDA SPECIAL
POWERS, DO
THEY?

OH, JUST THE
USUAL VAMPIRE
POWERS.



WHICH
ARE?

STRONG
ENOUGH TO
RIP A HORSE
IN HALF.

HORSE RIPPIN'
STRONG?

YEAH. AND
OCCASIONALLY
MOOSE.



RUN!

KARACKSH



WHY ARE
WE RUNNING
UPSTAIRS, LIKE
THE DUMB
TEENAGERS IN
A HORROR
MOVIE?

I CAN
ALWAYS
CARRY
YOU.

I'M
GOOD.



ABOUT SIX MILES AWAY? THANKS, MAC.

GOOD THING.

MY STOMACH'S PLOTZING. THOSE GIRLS WERE DEFINITELY NOT KOSHER.

HONEY, THIS DRESS IS NOT MADE FOR RUNNING. IT'S GONNA KILL ME!

WELL, IT SURE IS KILLIN' **ME!**

S'CUSE ME A MINUTE, KILLER DRESS QUEEN...

...BE RIGHT BACK!

UH OH... END OF THE ROAD.

I'VE RUN OUT OF CASTLE.

BOFF

BAFF





OOWWWFF!

YOW! THAT ROOF RASH IS GONNA LINGER.

I TRIED. ALL I MANAGED TO DO IS RUIN THEIR OUTFITS.



YOU COME INTO OUR HOME, SEDUCE OUR HUSBAND, EAT OUR FOOD, AND THEN RIP OUR DRESSES?!

WE ARE GOING TO SKIN BOTH OF YOU ALIVE...

...AND SLOWLY.

I DUNNO... THOSE OUTFITS LOOK IMPROVED TO ME.

THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR US.

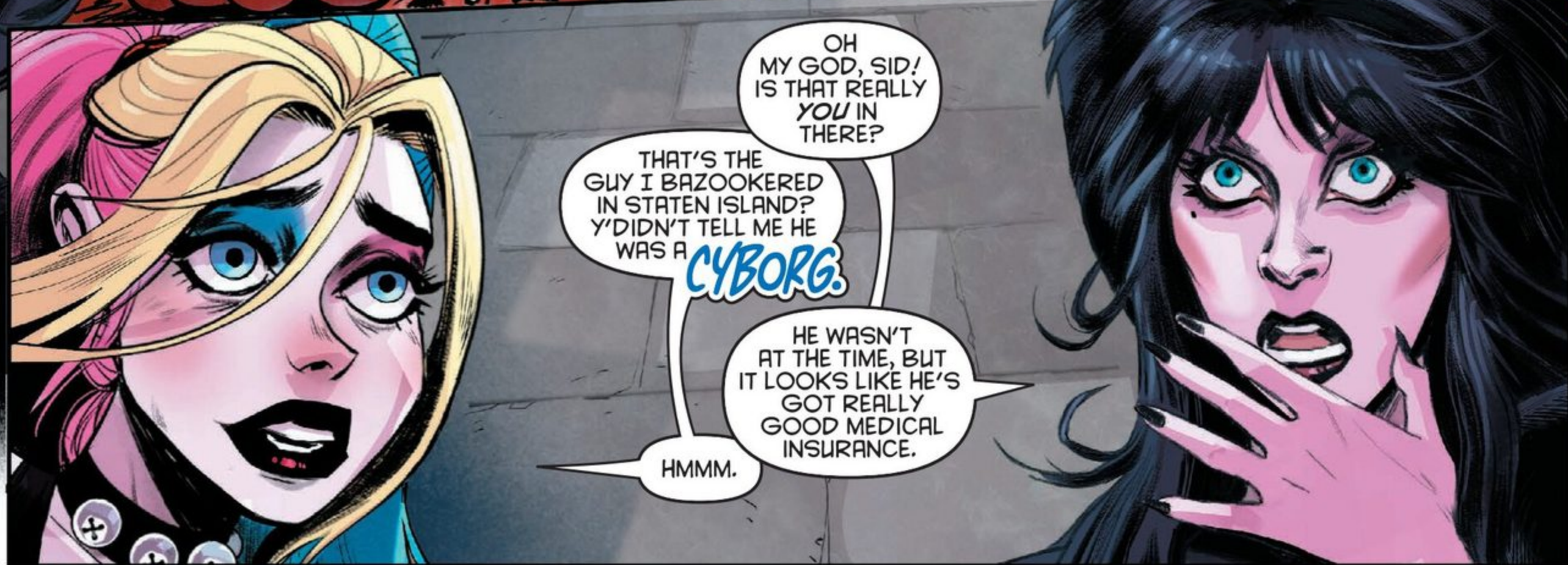
LET'S GO OUT SMOOCHIN', WHA'DYA SAY?

WAIT. YOU HEAR THAT?



WHOOOPS.

MY LEGS RAN OUT OF JUICE JUST IN TIME. SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS.

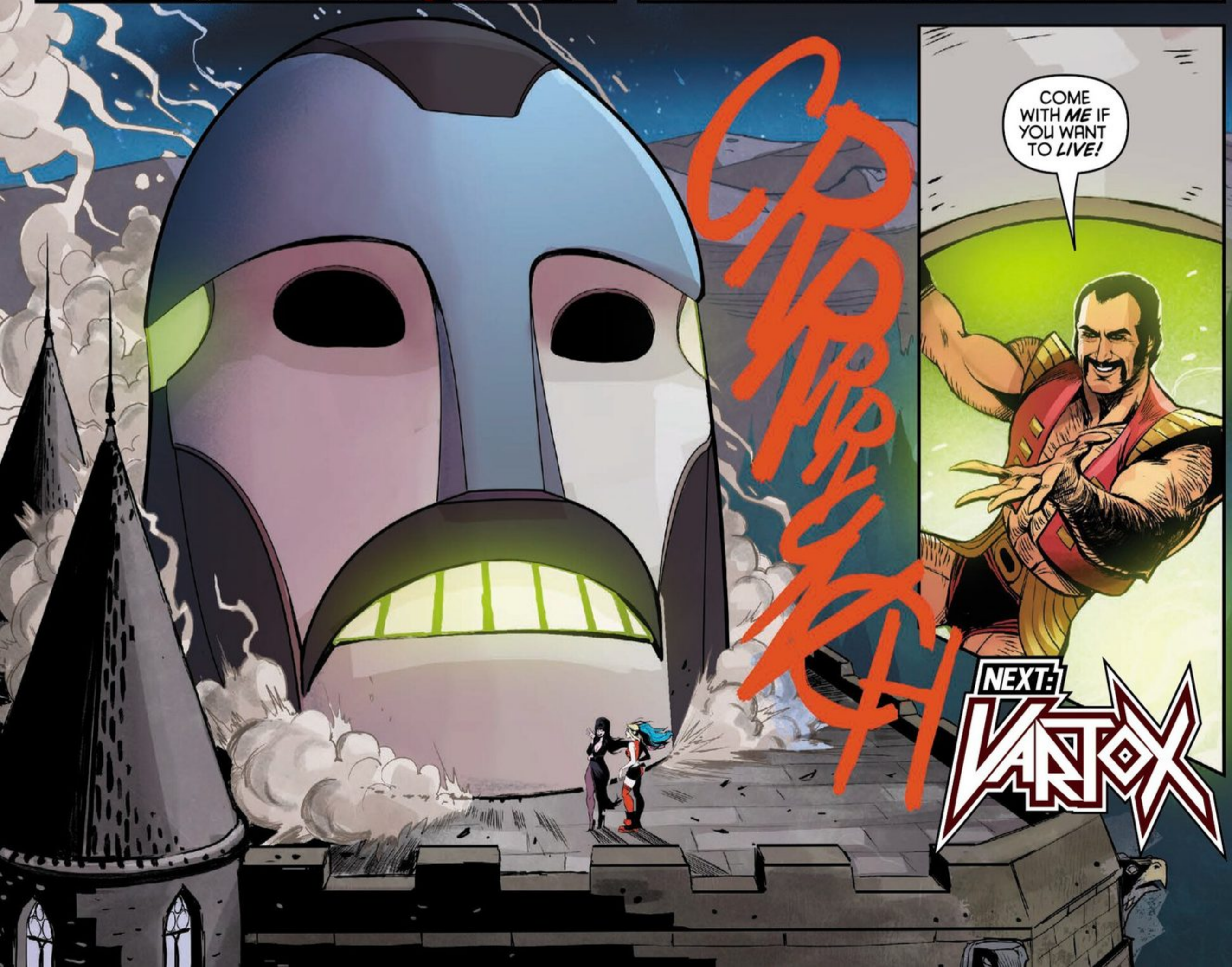
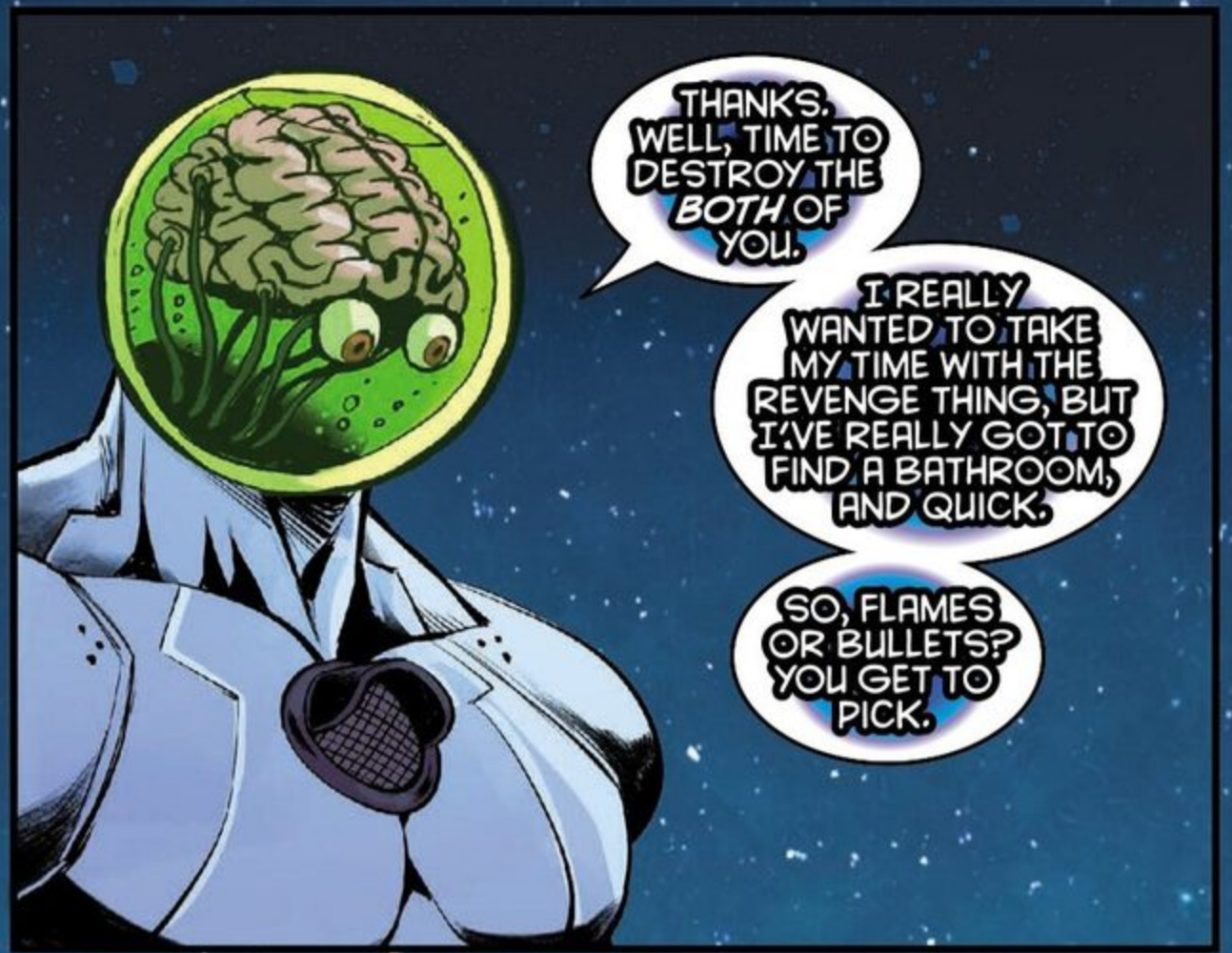
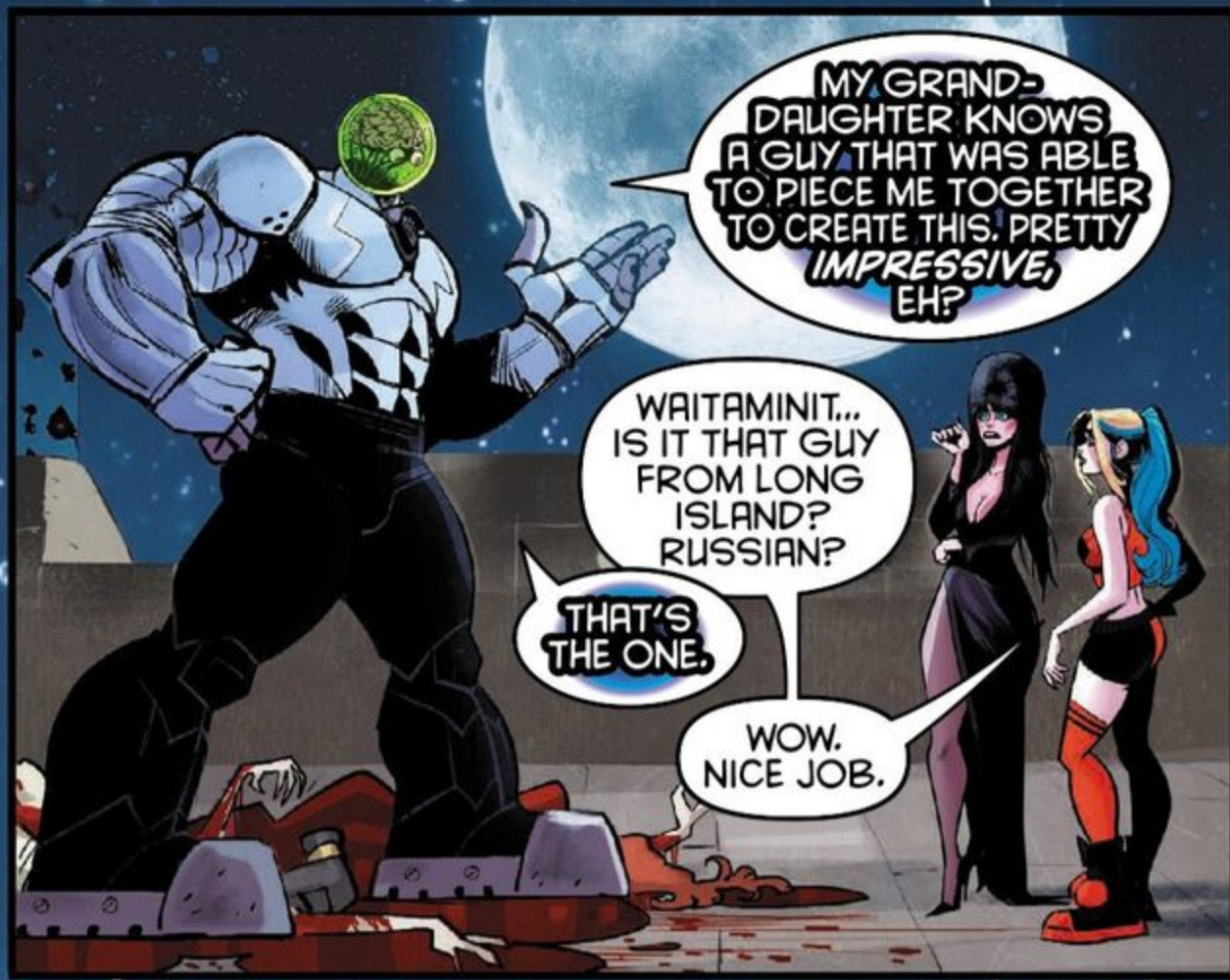


OH MY GOD, SID! IS THAT REALLY YOU IN THERE?

THAT'S THE GUY I BAZOOKERED IN STATEN ISLAND? Y'DIDN'T TELL ME HE WAS A **CYBORG**.

HE WASN'T AT THE TIME, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT REALLY GOOD MEDICAL INSURANCE.

HMMM.





NEXT ISSUE:
FROM CLASSIC CASTLES TO COSMIC CHAOS!
After making a daring escape from their would-be captors in Transylvania, Elvira and Harley Quinn find themselves rocketing through space with the ever-dashing Vartox. Their destination? A jaw-dropping interspecies wedding in a galaxy far, far away. But when the ceremony spirals into madness and Elvira is abducted by a fanatical alien cult that worships her with drooling devotion... well, that's when things start to get weird!

HIGHLIGHTED TITLES



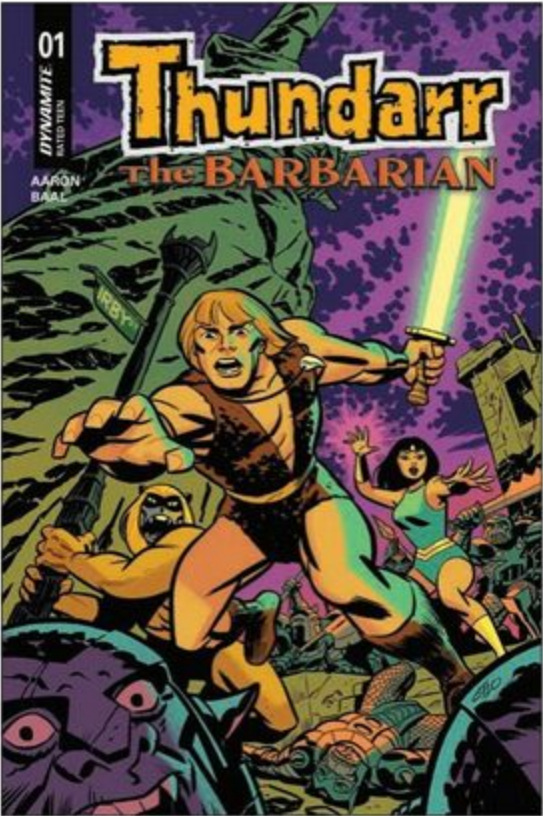
HARLEY QUINN X ELVIRA #4



SONJA REBORN #5



VAMPIRELLA: ARMAGEDDON #6



THUNDARR THE BARBARIAN #1



SUPERNATURAL #4



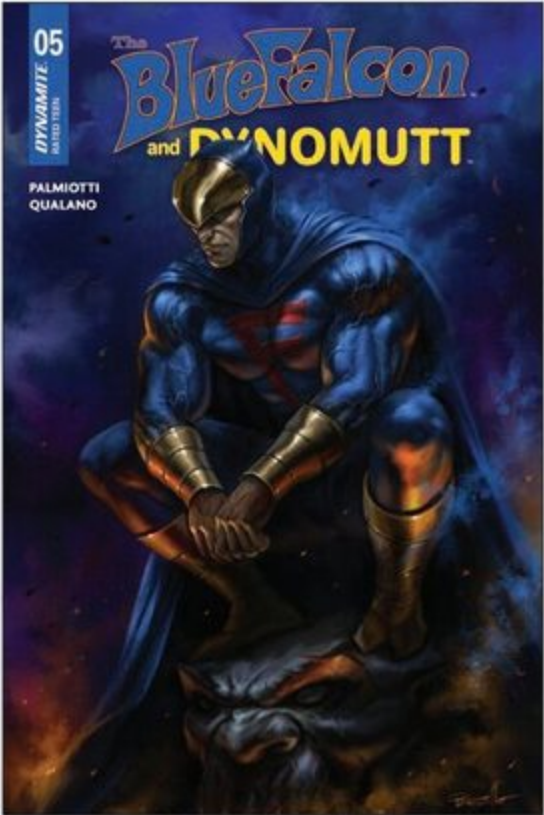
THUNDERCATS LOST IN TIME ONE-SHOT



THUNDERCATS #23



SPACE GHOST #6



THE BLUE FALCON & DYNAMUTT #5



COVER A
ART BY
AMANDA CONNER



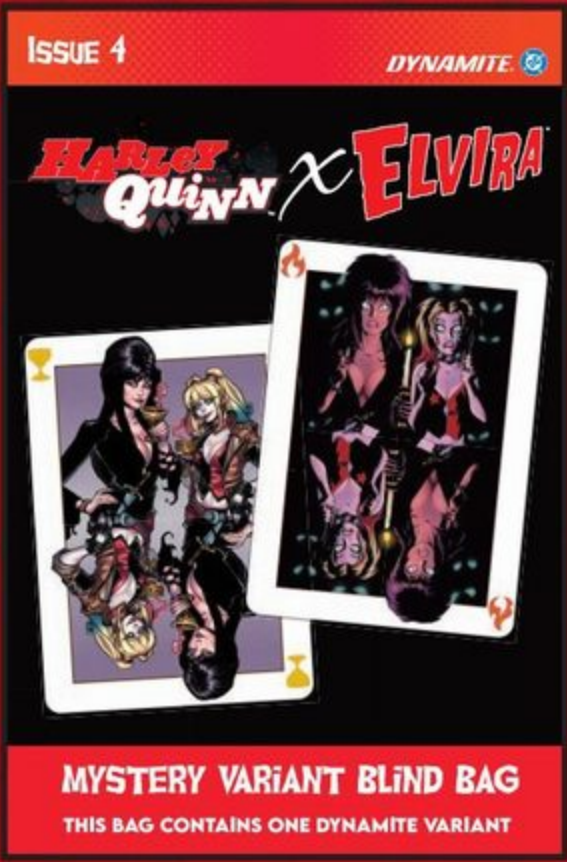
COVER B
ART BY
CHAD HARDIN



COVER C
ART BY
JOSEPH MICHAEL LINSNER



COVER D
ART BY
BEN CALDWELL



COVER E
BLIND BAG



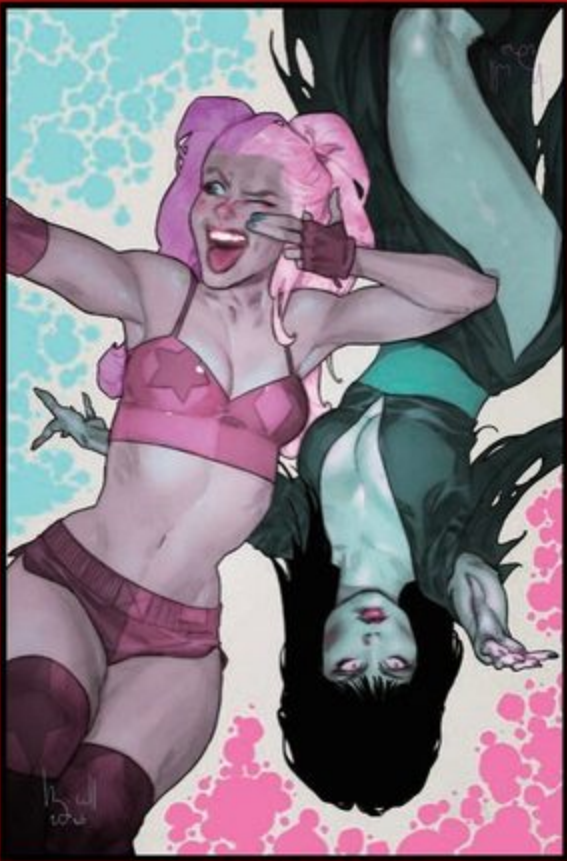
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INCENTIVE COVER
VIRGIN LINE ART BY
JOSEPH MICHAEL LINSNER



COVER O
BLIND BAG
ART BY
AMANDA CONNER



COVER P
BLIND BAG
ART BY
CHAD HARDIN



COVER Q
BLIND BAG
LINE ART BY
CHAD HARDIN



COVER R
BLIND BAG
VIRGIN LINE ART BY
CHAD HARDIN



COVER S
BLIND BAG
LINE ART BY
AMANDA CONNER



COVER T
BLIND BAG
VIRGIN LINE ART BY
AMANDA CONNER



COVER U
BLIND BAG
LINE ART BY
AMANDA CONNER



COVER V
BLIND BAG
VIRGIN LINE ART BY
AMANDA CONNER